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VERSE OF
SUSAN
VICTOIRE
LEWIS

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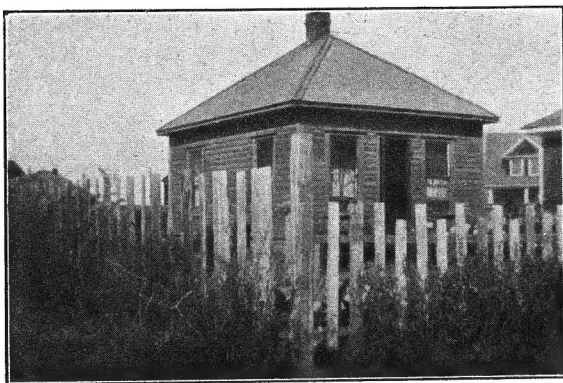
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COLLECTED VERSE OF
SUSAN VICTOIRE LEWIS



RU-MI-LOU BOOKS, OTTAWA, CANADA

THE LITTLE BROWN SHACK



See page 73

Collected
Verse of
Susan Victoire
Lewis

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RU-MI-LOU BOOKS, OTTAWA
CANADA

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THE GIFTS

ONCE UPON A TIME there came one who planted a garden—a large garden—and so situated among hills and vales that it had a varied climate. Many trees, shrubs and plants were needed to fill this great space which were chosen and planted with extreme care. Some that needed much moisture were set near streams or in damp places. Others, requiring careful treatment, were surrounded by stronger plants. Tall trees there were to ward off the cold winds and frosts, wide-spreading trees to give shelter from the midday sun. Many gardeners were brought to cultivate the soil, to prune the trees and to destroy weeds. Some of these husbandmen had skill to perform the tasks allotted them, while others, more clumsy, bungled their work. Some were forgetful of their duties, others careless or neglectful, preferring to sit in sun or shade, or even to sleep when they thought no eye was watching.

Time passed. The garden flourished and was a joy to the beholder. A little stream that ran gaily through the midst of this lovely garden sang constantly a happy song. Its musical voice bore to the plants and trees round the same message daily. "Give," said the little stream as it hurried down the hill, "Give, oh, give away. I am small, I know, but wherever I go the fields grow greener still." "Why does the stream sing this song?" said the rose-bush to the myrtle. "As he passes my door I hear his words. Are they intended for me? What have I to give? Why should I give?" The myrtle shook herself as she replied, "I know not. I think only of sitting here

and adorning myself with beautiful green leaves. They become me Should I give them away?" The leaves of these bushes whispered together and made such a stir among themselves that others listened and on hearing these words began speaking quietly to others farther away. The aspen shivered and was silent. The willow shook down a few yellow leaves, while the oak and pine waved their branches

Another day dawned disclosing the streamlet still pursuing its journey to the sea. A little bird poised on the edge of the brooklet and drank of its clear water, then flew to the rose-bush where it sat preening its feathers, and at last broke into a happy song. It was the meadowlark, whose sweet, clear note gives pleasure to those who hear it. Thus was he giving thanks to the stream for the gift of refreshing water. As the bird flew away the rose-bush arousing herself from her reverie said "Why, I too have something to give as well as the brook and the bird. The perfume from my beautiful blossoms will give pleasure to the blind man who sometimes comes to the garden with his little boy and his dog." So she shook her branches and many fresh roses opened their petals, releasing the sweet perfume

Hearing the words of the rose-bush, the sweet violets nearby looked up and said. "Good-bye, dear rose, we are going away to the bedside of the sick to refresh some weary sufferers." The strawberries blushed and said they too would give of their sweetness. The apple tree, throwing down a shower of pink and white blossoms to some children playing at her feet, told them that was but a promise of the joy

she would give them later. The orange, an exotic, glowed with a determination to follow the example of these homely plants and promised great baskets of luscious fruit to all who cared to enjoy them.

Hearing the commotion in their vicinity, the tall pines bent themselves to listen to the lowly shrubs. When they learned that such generosity was to be carried out by those so far beneath them, they waved their branches and cried aloud "We will not be outdone by humble folk. Here are we sheltering you from every wind that blows, but we can do more than that. We will give of our branches to make fires and bring comfort to humanity in the cold winter." The chestnuts, walnuts, beeches and almonds said they would bring nuts to crack around the glowing Christmas fires. Other plants promised food or grain to feed the hungry, and even the prickly thistle, so much shunned, said she would furnish seed to the hungry birds and soft down to line their nests.

As the sun slowly sank to rest, the trees and plants of the garden bowed their heads, some even closed their eyes, and together solemnly chanted.

*"All things come from Thee, O Lord
And of Thine own have we given Thee."*

HAPPY SUMMER TIME

Happy, happy summer time!
When the birds and flowers are gay.
Then the sky's so blue and dreamy
And the clouds are light and creamy.
Nature's smiling all the day

Merry, merry summer time!
When the bees and insects drone;
When the school-boys shout so cheery;
Nothing sounds sad or dreary:
All have such a cheerful tone.

Joyful, joyful summer time!
When the lambkins are so free;
When the zephyrs blow so lightly;
When the streamlets gurgle brightly,
And the sunbeams gild the tree.

Lovely, lovely summer time!
We should always happy be.
Should the winds be howling wildly,
Or the spring breeze blowing mildly,
We should smile contentedly.

Precious, precious summer time
That our Heavenly Father gives!
'Tis the time for songs of gladness
"Banish every thought of sadness"
And praise Him "who ever lives"
Praise ye Him "Who ever lives."

THE FEAST OF THE SNOW ELVES

Six little snow elves sat down to dine
At the snowiest table of whitest pine
Pure white was each tiny cup and plate,
And each silvery spoon shone like its mate
Their dainty food was so pure and good
That none had like it in all the wood
Such flaky biscuit and frosted cakes,
And the lovely ice-cream that Jack Frost makes.
With strawberry ice and apple snow,
The feast was fit for a king, I know.
The twinkling stars shone so clear and bright
And the moon cast down her silvery light.
The snow elves were not cold, not they,
As they merrily frolicked the night away;
But warm and cheery, and full of fun,
And all were happy, yes, everyone.

Yarmouth, N S

189—. (*Written for 12 little cousins.*)

A SPRITE SONG

First Sprite: Heigh! Oh! Where do you go?

Second Sprite: To visit Jack Frost
In his home of snow.

First Sprite: Oh! Where does he live?
And how do you go?
To see the Frost King's
Palace? Oh! Oh!

Second Sprite: Jack lives in the North
On a great ice-floe.
An ice-boat I'll take,
Then away I will go.

First Sprite: When home you return,
Will you tell me all
You there behold
In his wondrous hall?

Second Sprite: Indeed I will
If I ever get back
From this journey so long
To the home of King Jack (Exit)

First Sprite—(enter Second Sprite)
Oh! Oh! Oh! Whence do you come?

Second Sprite: From the Arctic seas,
Jack Frost's cold home.

First Sprite: I stay to listen,
Your story to hear.
Then I'll tell it abroad
Both far and near.

Second Sprite: Jack Frost doth dwell
In a palace grand
All made of ice
In an icy land.
His halls are large
And bordered 'round
With an icicle frieze
On an azure ground.
His carpet is snow;
His bed is of ice,
His clothing is white;
And his sleigh so nice.
A garden has Jack
With ice-plants rare
And a snow-ball hedge;
Then the snow-drops fair
Bloom always for him
In this cold, cold land
When Jack holds court
In his palace grand.
Jack loves to roam,
And far and wide
He carries his frost-friends
By his side.
They nip the flowers
Who shiver and freeze,
And they kill the young buds on the trees.

First Sprite: Heigh! Oh!
Then I'll not go.
Let Jack Frost stay
In his home of snow!

(Exit First and Second Sprite).

Yarmouth, N.S.

CLEANING HOUSE WITH THE VACUUM
CLEANER

*(Written when the vacuum cleaner was first introduced
as a household utensil.)*

The Tidy Mistress of Spotless Town
With a long-handled broom went up and down,
For house-cleaning time had surely come
And she was in the fray-oh!

With brushes and pail and plenty of soap,
With mop and duster she wandered about
To find some spots she lived in hope,
But none ever came her way-oh!

She glanced at the ceiling all clean and white.
She gazed at the windows all closed up tight
Not a spider was there; not a fly to fight.
They had all gone off to stay-oh!

She peered in the cracks of the closet doors;
Took up the carpet and looked at the floors;
But the dirt had decided to stay out-of-doors;
Which, of course, is the very best way-oh!

Not a cob-web hung in the garret dim;
Not a moth or a beetle lurked within;
Not a morsel of mildew encircled the brim
Of crock or jar that day-oh!

The wonderful new cleaning-house machine
Had come to the town, as will be seen.
It had swallowed the dust till all was clean,
Which is a most excellent way-oh!

Yarmouth, N S , 1907.

A FLOWER IDYLL

There dwelt in a prim little garden,
Perched high on the side of a hill,
Some golden and purple pansies,
A blue-bell and daffodil
Along came Ragged Robin,
As ragged and ruddy could be
And peeping through the rickets,
"Come out for a frolic," said he.
"Why, where are you going?" said Pansy.
"Just follow me down the hill
Till we come to the brook," said Robin,
"And there, near a tiny rill,
Live some of the dearest children,
The cutest I've ever seen;
They wear such pretty blue bonnets
And their faces are always clean."
So the pansies kicked off their stockings
And scampered away in glee,
For the sun and the breeze were calling
And they heard the hum of the bee.
The blue-bells sang sweet music;
The hyacinths chimed their bells;
The butterflies sipped from the flowers
That bloomed in the mossy dells.
The Pansies and Ragged Robin

Sped down the hill with zest,
Till they reached the home of the Violets,
When they lay on the grass to rest.
A surprise it was to the Pansies
To find that these modest flowers
Were their own little wild-wood cousins
Who dwelt in these wood-land bowers.

Yarmouth, N.S.

A PLACE TO PUT THINGS

A housekeeper once had a terrible want,
And this news in my head how it rings!
"I want—how I want!—a cupboard, or drawer,
Or some nice, handy place to put things!"

Her friends brought her boxes, and baskets, and
bags
Drawn up with long puckering strings
In hopes that at last Mrs Hunt would possess
A place to put some of her things;

But the bags were too precious, the baskets too good
To use for such commonplace things;
So she laid them away in trunks and in drawers
And still longed for a place to put things.

Her shelves were piled high, the drawers running o'er
With pieces and patches and strings,
And her brain was so tired with her wish to contrive
Some snug, cozy place to put things.

An old box she took and cushioned the top,
And papered it nicely inside;
But the things wanted most were the ones placed in first
The things she endeavoured to hide

She found an old peach basket up in a loft,
And trimmed it with muslin gay,
A waste-paper basket appeared in its place,
But in it the things would not stay.

She had what-nots and catchalls, and brackets and such,
A new one her friends oft would bring.
She piled them all full, but she still had too much,
And oft wanted a place for something

She had closets and wardrobes, and hat rack and hooks
Into which she would carelessly fling
The jackets and cloaks, hats, bonnets and books,
But could not put away everything

At last when the turmoil of living is past,
And she mounts up to heaven with wings,
'Tis then she expects to be rid of her want
Of a nice, handy place to put things

Yarmouth, N S.

THE RIME OF THE DRAGON'S TAIL

(Lake Annis Legend)

Within a tiny cottage,
Embowered 'neath beechen trees,
There dwelt a single maiden,
Enjoying well-earned ease.

With brave and calm demeanour,
And courage all should know,
She lived among her heirlooms,
Cheered by her hearth-fire's glow.

The timid feathered creatures
Came nesting near her home;
But out the darkling forest
A fearsome thing would come:

A fierce and deadly dragon
With screech and frightful roar,
As evening shadows gathered,
Went rushing past her door.

But, spite of all its fierceness,
Ne'er did the maiden quail;
For frequently she'd take a ride
Upon the dragon's tail.

Yarmouth, N.S.

THE CALL OF THE WEST

The West is loudly calling
For sturdy men and strong;
And thither they are hastening:
Of every land and tongue.

The forests deep need felling,
Broad prairie must be tilled;
And the harvests then be gathered
That the granaries be filled.

With beckoning hand out-reaching
To every craft and creed:
The east sends men and women
To satisfy the need.

The call sounds louder—stronger,
Come forth into the west,"
And the east, with strong reluctance,
Yields of her very best.

Go forth, then, noble toilers,
And do your very best,
That the ablest, strongest nation
May populate the west.

Yarmouth, N.S., November, 1910.

CHRISTMAS

The holly wreath hung in the parlour;
The Yule Log burned on the hearth;
The voices of glad-hearted children
Filled the old home with mirth.
The Christmas Tree stood in the corner
All covered with glittering toys;
And useful and beautiful presents
Prepared for the girls and the boys.
The stairway was mantled with ivy;
The mistletoe hung in the hall;
And the happiness of Christmas
Shed its glad beams on all
The tones of the old piano
Rang forth with the music so gay;
While children sang the glad carols
Of this merry Christmas Day.

The table was spread with the bounty
Of a fruitful and prosperous year;
And the dear ones gathered around it
Gave thanks for their Christmas cheer.
The thought of the Christ Child's birthday,
And of peace and good will on earth
Pervaded the home at this Yuletide
And mingled with joy and mirth
The fragrant evergreen garlands
Are woven with loving care,
And hung in our homes at Christmas
And in churches everywhere
The pungent and spicy odours

Of hemlock and fir and pine,
Suggest the far-famed incense
That was offered in Palestine.

The beautiful gifts that are offered
Of crystal or silver or gold,
Are types of the wise men's offerings
In that manger lowly of old.

Yarmouth, N.S.

THE MISSION OF THE SNOWFLAKE

A jolly, rollicking flake of snow
Came whirling and tumbling down,
Till he reached the top of a chimney pot
In a quaint, old dingy town

Here he paused a while and looked about,
Till a puff of blackening smoke
Came rushing up and frightened him sore—
It was such a grimy joke

The roof was steep and covered with snow,
So the snowflake was quick to decide
To descend that way, and accordingly took
A charming toboggan ride.

A stout little lady with rosy red cheeks
Was passing and looked so neat,
"I'll give her a kiss which I hope she'll enjoy,"
But she brushed him into the street.

The wind took him up and rushed him along
Till they reached the baker's shop.
The grand display of frosted cakes
Invited them both to stop.

"Oh! here I will stay," said the dear little flake,
"My friends these surely must be";
But the window was tight and the door was shut,
And the wind whistled lustily.

So on they went, and the corner they turned,
Where they followed a poor little lad,
With his clothing so thin and his hands so bare,
And face both dirty and sad.

The boy caught the flake in his cold little hand
And held him exceedingly tight
He was crushed at once, and no longer now
A snowflake cold and white.

A drop of water, he lingered there,
On that palm so soiled and brown;
But a little pink spot showed through beneath
And the snowflake's work was done

His mission was small and his life was short,
But armed with pure intent,
He kept himself pure in a world of sin,
And his was a life well spent.

Yarmouth, N.S.

VACATION SONG

(1)

Vacation time has come again
And school at last is over.
The children now may roam the fields
And gather crimson clover.
The buttercups are open wide
In all their summer glory,
The daisies spread their petals white,
And dandelions are hoary.
The breeze comes rippling on the fields
And sets the grass a-waving;
The waves come running up the beach
The pretty petals laving
Gay butterflies flit through the air
And song birds sweet are singing,
The sound of joy from happy hearts
In childish notes is ringing.

Yarmouth, N S

WELCOME TO THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF
SCIENCE*(Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, 1912)*

Vacation time has come again
And school at last is over.
The children now may roam the fields
And gather crimson clover.
The buttercups are open wide
In all their summer glory;
The daisies spread their petals white,
And dandelions are hoary.

The teachers, too, their toil may leave
To find their recreation,
So join the Summer Science School
Assembled in vacation.
Again they come to Yarmouth town
To hold their summer college,
And here in sun and fog and rain
Dispense superior knowledge

Fair Yarmouth now extends her hand
To give a hearty greeting,
To learned professors—students—all
Who attend the yearly meeting
Her schools and halls and churches, too,
Their portals widely open,
And welcome give in spirit true
Although no words are spoken

Old friends she meets and gladly greets,
And many a heart rejoices,
That words of learned wisdom now
Will thrill them with your voices.
There may your days be nobly spent,
In learning and in teaching,
And the influence felt in Yarmouth town
Be lasting and far-reaching.

Then welcome once—and welcome twice,
Canadian sons and daughters,
To Yarmouth's rural, hedge-row town
Beside old Fundy's waters!

(Adapted from Vacation Song.)

YULETIDE

(December, 1914)

The year has rolled on to December,
The season of Christmas joy,
When the nations of earth remember
The advent of Christ, the Boy.
The fragrant evergreen garlands
That are woven with loving care
To be hung in the houses at Yuletide
And in churches everywhere,
With their pungent and spicy odours
Of hemlock and fir and pine,
Suggest the far-famed incense
That was offered in Palestine.
The beautiful gifts presented,
Of crystal or silver or gold,
Are types of the wise men's offerings
In that lowly manger of old.
May the beautiful song of the angels—
"On earth good will and peace"—
Chime forth from each tower and belfry,
And the World's great war soon cease!

Yarmouth, N.S.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

In Grandmother's old-fashioned garden,
Enclosed by a high brick wall,
Are many old-fashioned flowers,
Sweet briar and hollyhocks tall.

The walks are covered with tan-bark,
And the beds are quaintly set,
With trim little borders of box-tree,
Or the fragrant mignonette

'Neath the honeysuckle arbour
Are seats and a table for tea,
And Grandmother brings out her knitting
And talks of her childhood to me

We gather the fragrant roses,
The crimson and yellow and white,
The pinks and cowslips and daisies,
And the dear little ladies' delight,

Sweet William, so gaily coloured,
Which she sometimes calls lad's love,
The monk's-hood and ladies' mantle,
And the stately white foxglove,

The lupin and morning-glory,
Peony and columbine,
The bleeding-heart with its drooping sprays,
And the homely celandine.

The dear little pink Scotch roses,
With their rough and prickly stems,
Their sweet and delicate perfume:
To me are the garden's gems.

My Grandmother, in her girlhood,
Was taught the uses of flowers,
And some were dried and others bruised
To obtain their healing powers.

The old-fashioned people in homely ways
Made use of simple things;
And many a time subdued a pain,
Or an insect's smarting stings.;

And while they gathered their flowers,
To preserve for some future day,
They sent some loving message
With those they gave away.

The lilies still bloom in the garden
With the roses and golden-rod;
But the life of the garden is missing—
For Grandmother walks with God.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS

How many happy days were spent
In childhood's sunny hours,
With clovers, buttercups, and all
The bright-hued wayside flowers!

In early spring the coltsfoot pale
Was found in corners hiding,
And with the first we made a wish,
To others not confiding.

The violets, both blue and white,
We gathered in great masses,
With these we held a mimic fight,
And blew a blast with grasses

From rushes, pulled beside the bog,
We twined the nets for catching
The little darting pollywog,
Whose antics we'd been watching

Beneath our playmates' dimpled chins
Held buttercups so yellow,
To see if butter was beloved
By any other fellow.

The whistles and the lovely chains
The yellow dandelion supplied,
The ringlets, too, and fairy clocks
These flowers gave. And then, beside,

The honey sweet red clovers held,
Delicious, too, it tasted,
Although to gain the tiny drops
Full many a flower was wasted

We wove and braided daisy chains,
And fortunes told with others,
While more were plucked, and snipped and
marked,
To look like kind grandmothers,

With snow-white cap and dainty strings,
Bright eyes and cunning faces,
At birthday parties these were laid
At all the children's places

The lilac bushes gave their share
Of blooms to yield us pleasure;
From these we made some tiny chains
To add to other treasure.

The poppy dolls with fluted skirts,
And sash of ribbon grasses,
Stood on one leg and twirled around
Like merry little lasses.

The children now, grandchildren too,
Beguile the summer hours—
"The same as Mamma used to do,"
With common wayside flowers.

Yarmouth, N S

SPRING FLOWERS

The crocus and the snowdrop white,
Were sleeping near together,
Within their dark brown earthy bed,
Throughout the wintry weather.

When March came in with sunshine bright,
And soft wind gently blowing,
They roused themselves and whispered low,
" 'Tis time that we were growing."

They hastened forth, and Snowdrop said,
"You may depend upon it,
The spring is here and I must get
A lovely new spring bonnet.

"I always wear the same each year,
A green and white creation;
But you may choose a brighter hue—
A yellow, white, or even blue—
And captivate the nation "

A PLAINT

Oh! the cooks are getting hungry,
And they're kicking up a racket,
For the grocer charges such an awful price
For potatoes, eggs and bacon,
For baked beans and cheese and peaches—
Oh! there's nothing left to cook at all but rice.

There's the farmer charging double
For his cream and milk and butter,
Even rhubarb which would make a sour pie.
Where are apples? Where's the canned stuff?
Where are lobsters, cod and haddock?
Were it not for rice we'd surely have to die.

Then the magazines are printing
Such new-fangled ways of eating;
Ways to cook up things to eat instead of food—
Sorrel, plaintain, weeds and grasses,
Things fixed up in wondrous messes—
Next they'll give us mosses, earth and wood.

Shall we eat the caterpillars?
Must we munch the dusky spider?
Must we even eat the common frisky fly?
Then the honey-bee and glow-worm,
Centipede and ant and cockroach?
Surely then we'll all give up and die.

Yarmouth, N.S.

VACATION SONG

(2)

Vacation time has come again,
And school at last is over.
The children now may roam the fields
And gather crimson clover
The golden buttercups are out
In all their summer glory;
The daisies spread their petals white,
But dandelions are hoary.

Ref.—But dandelions are hoary.

The breeze comes rippling o'er the fields
And sets the grass a-waving.
The waves come running up the beach,
The pretty pebbles laving.
Gay butterflies flit through the air.
The song birds sweet are singing;
While joy and gladness everywhere
From happy hearts is ringing.

Ref.—From happy hearts is ringing

We've planted many a garden fair
Where once the weeds were growing,
And now among the bright green leaves
The blossoms sweet are showing.
We've planted seeds and pulled up weeds

And hope you'll all remember,
To come and see the garden show
We're having in September.

Ref.—Quite early in September.

Yarmouth, N S.

(Sung at a school flower show in Yarmouth)

WASTE

(Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.)

Alas! 'tis sad to wander o'er the earth,
Beholding wanton waste throughout the land,
Of food and fuel and many precious things,
Bestowed on man by God's almighty hand
The waste of time in many foolish ways,
The waste of thought on vain and empty things,
The waste of health in useless pleasure spent,
A wasted life regret and sorrow brings.
Men strive and struggle hard to lay up wealth.
They spend their strength for those they'll leave behind.
Another generation spends in haste,
And scorns the ways of men of frugal mind.
In nature nothing really goes to waste
Tho' many a blossom lives and fades and dies,
It falls to earth, decays and feeds the soil
From which its seedlings later will arise.
In spring God spreads a mantle o'er the earth
Of beauteous green and hosts of flowers fair.
He covers over many a rugged place
That but for Him would lack for any care.
Spring now is loudly calling, "Come ye forth,
Destroy the waste and beautify the land
Plant trees and shrubs, sow seeds of grass and flowers,
Let gardens thrive and bloom on every hand.

Sow grain, a mighty harvest to insure,
Bid earth bring forth her fruits abundantly."
Let every child of nature do his share,
Nor waste his time, nor means, nor energy.

(Published in the *Halifax Herald*, anonymously, during the
Thrift Campaign of the Great War)

Yarmouth, N.S.

PEACE

Peace comes at last and joybells ring
The great announcement to the world they bring:
The battles done and war guns cease.
Thank God! at last we have a universal peace

Bright lives have closed.
Brave men and boys now sleep.
In far-off Flanders field
They 'neath the poppies sleep.

Let peace now reign .
Peace gained by sacrifice ,
A gift to all the world
From those who've paid the price.

Yarmouth, N S , November, 1918

BLESSING THE MAPLE SUGAR BUSH

The following lines were suggested by the picture painted by A. Suzor-Côté, Canadian Painter, depicting an old custom of his race

The back of the winter is broken.
The bright sun gleams on the landscape,
Now melting the snow on the hillsides
Which runs to the valley in rivulets.
Awhile the cold chill of the Frost King
Forms icicles fringing the roof's edge
And freezes the snow to a firm crust
As the sun sinks behind the dark mountain.

Again the warm sun in the morning
Repeats the same action of thawing.
The sap in the maples is stirring,
And spring-time at last is approaching.
'Tis the time for the old ceremonial
Of blessing the maple. The Curé,
Arrayed in his vestments of priesthood,
At the head of a stately procession
Goes forth to the woods of the maple,
The liturgies solemn repeating,
And offering prayers that the harvest
Of syrup and sugar be bountiful.
He sprinkles with water most holy
The sap-yielding trees as he passes.

The custom of blessing the maple
A quaint superstition and ancient,
Recalls our Lord's own strict injunction
To do everything to His glory,
Acknowledging God the Great Giver
Of life and the power of sustaining
The life He has graciously given,
Remembering that He, the Creator
Of man and the place of his dwelling,
Requires of all of His children
That they pray for what'er they desire,
Believing that they shall receive it.

Yarmouth, N.S.

A HYMN
WRITTEN IN THE CANADIAN WEST

Thy mountains grand and glorious
Whose summits reach the sky
Inspire our adoration,
Creator God, most high.

Our eyes are lifted toward them
In wonder and in awe.
Our inmost hearts do reverence
To Thee, whose wondrous law

Hast formed the mighty mountains,
And holds them in their place,
Dost guide the rapid torrents,
Whose foaming billows race,

Hast spread the fertile prairie
With rich and ripening grain,
Provides the brilliant sunshine
And the refreshing rain

Those lofty peaks above us,
Clad in eternal snow
Stand ever pointing upward
To mortals here below.

Calgary, Alta.

MY GARDEN

A robin to my garden came
To sing his song so merry.
Then, when he thought my back was turned,
He plucked a bright red cherry.

Next hid beneath the strawberry leaves
A-hunting for the slugs;
He filled his beak so many times
With wicked, thieving bugs!

The rhubarb leaves concealed a cat
Who watched and never purred,
But quickly pounced with out-stretched claws,
And killed my pretty bird.

My garden had a friendly toad
Who, season after season,
Would burrow in the pansy bed:
For that he had a reason.

'Twas there he found the very thing
That served him for his dinner;
And while the toad was growing fat,
The slugs were growing thinner.

Alas! the gardener came one day
To put the place in order;
And being dim of sight—Old John
Destroyed my little boarder.

A child into my garden came
And played in summer rain;
But when the bright sun shone again
He never came again.

Calgary, Alta , June 6th, 1921

MRS. LEPPARD

(Who Died July, 1921)

At rest. Another gentle life gone out.
A sweet voice stilled.
The busy hands are lying quiet now,
Their task fulfilled

The sacred torch they carried shone so bright
Its beams fell far.
Let those who follow bear a shining light
Like Heavenly star!

A lovely memory remains for those
Who loved so well
The gentle presence of this sister, friend
She sleeps. Farewell!

Calgary, Alta.

THE DINOSAUR IN THE CALGARY MUSEUM

In the dim and cool recesses
Of the Court House, under ground,
With the birds and beasts and fishes,
Insects, flowers and even dishes,
There the Dinosaur is found.

Years ago in Red Deer Valley
Ambled he with mighty tread,
Animals and reptiles swallowing;
In the muddy river wallowing;
Cooling off his mammoth head.

Ages passed, and like Methuselah
"Dinosaur" died at last;
Overcome by mountain torrent,
Carried on by flowing current;
Rock and boulder held him fast.

Buried deep in dust of ages,
Like a mummy there he lay,
Till the scientific fever
Pried him out with pick and lever,
Drew him forth into the day.

This the dragon of the ancients
Mighty beast of fairy lore.
Monstrous head with great eyes gleaming,
Mouth with gusts of hot breath steaming,
Tail that thrashes, now no more.

There he lies, his bones dissembled,
Prone upon the museum floor.
Science now can reconstruct him,
Build him up, articulate him,
But no life can art restore

Calgary, Alta., July, 1921.

THE BOW PEEP HOUSE

(Purely imaginary)

An Englishman came to a new prairie town
Where 'twas said splendid wheat he could grow.
It was circled by hills, and the vast fertile plain
Lay in sunshine the long winter through

He selected a site near the swift-flowing stream:
The clear, running stream called the "Bow";
Where he said, "I've a glimpse of the water so near,
I shall call my domain 'Peek-a-Bow'."

He had come overseas, from the old home land,
Where a man names his place, "don't you know?"
If a house has a name and a good one at that,
It grows famous in time, don't you know?

Calgary, Alta., July, 1921.

A PUNSTER

*Punished for punning, punishes his punishers by
punning*

Some boys at school one stormy night
Were seated 'round a blazing fire,
And while a few had books in sight,
To fun they mostly did aspire
One lad was there, Max Frisk by name,
Who'd rather pun than play a game.
He spent much time in making puns
And bored and teased the other ones.
He made up puns upon their looks
And wrote them down within their books.
Queer puns he made upon their names—
Was writing them while they played games.
At last they grabbed him up that night—
Into a closet locked him tight
They told him in there he should stay
Perhaps until the break of day
Said one "I guess we've got him now,
So let's continue our pow-wow"
In silence they await, these boys,
So full of pep and pluck and noise.
At last they hear a mighty roar
"Come here, you guys, o-pun the door".
Up rose a boy to let him out,
When with a loud and hearty shout,
"Wait, wait," cried one, "Now he's begun
I'm sure he'll make another pun."
Said Max, "Within this puny shed
I'm sure I have been punished

For all the foolish puns I've shed "
"Go on, go on," cried one and all,
"Give us some more," aloud they call
Not many minutes Max was dumb
He whistled. To the door they come,
And pushing, scrambling, press up near,
His hoarsely whispered voice to hear.
"Oh! Boys, 'twas in your cruelty
You put this pun job up on me.
This dusty hole is dark and hot
I'm sure I'll smother on the spot
Just wave a punka o'er my head
And put me in my little bed,
Where I may ladle out more punk
As worthless as a Jew's old junk."
No answer, Max drops on the floor.
The boys cry out, "Just one pun more."
Max kicks and yells, "Oh! what a punch
I'll give you when I join the bunch!"
Silence awhile, and then the boys
Detect some scratching, scrambling noise.
All's quiet now; they turn the key,
Open the door. What do they see?
A hanging form, with dirty face
And clothing littered round the place.
He'd doffed his collar, tie and coat
His tousled head looked like a goat.
His boots were off; his legs were bare;
His clothing rent with rip and tear.
They lifted him from off the hooks
And laid him down amid their books.
Max moved at last and winked an eye,

When one small boy began to cry;
Then spoke while lying on the table
"My lads, this joke is punishable"
They clean him off with cloth and brush,
Each to assist was on the rush.
One water brings, some slippers one
A chair has cushions piled upon.
As Max lies back before the blaze
The head asks pardon for the haze.
In fear lest something was amiss
And trouble should arise from this,
The boys began to worry, some
Lest Master Hepplewait should come.
So then they quiet down a bit
And try to find if Max is fit
Their ministrations almost over
Max thinks it time he should recover.
He brightens up and says he's better;
Asks for a pen to write a letter.
"Oh! Max, don't tell on us," they say,
"Aren't you all right? Say; can't we pay?"
"Why, yes," says Max, "You'll pay five *punds*
To one of Princess Mary's funds.
There are not many here named Mary,
But some whose names but slightly vary.
There's Merriam and Merryweather,
And Maryton and LeMare Heather;
Then Justin de la Mair St. John,
And McNamara Hessleton.
I guess you'll find it's not so funny
To drive a fellow to be punny."

Calgary, Alta , January, 1922.

GOLF

One day, when Max was feeling fit
He thought he'd like to pun a bit;
And seeing some of Scotland's Macs
With bags of sticks upon their backs,
"Ho! Mac and Sandy Mac," quoth he,
"I see you're going out to tee "
Roared Mac, "Now quit that punky stuff
For once we have had Max enough."
Max stopped He rolled upon the ground.
A punning Scotsman he had found
Said he, "I see your bag of tricks
Holds puns as well as golfing sticks.
Who put them there with spoons and cleeks,
My Scottish wit, in homespun breeks?"
"Peace," cried tall Mac, "and quit your glee
For we are coming back to tea;
And though a Scot may not be witty,
We mean to give you a pun ditty
So grind your teeth to munch your scones.
We mean to feed you knuckle bones;
And we've been stewing up some haggis.
So now we'll show you what a 'rag' is
You jeer and scoff at bags of sticks.
Lucky for you they don't hold bricks!
We'll bring the pipes the school has won.
So get your bawl suit buckled on.

A trifle deaf is Muckle John;
And when the skirling's once begun
You'll dance and frisk like any deer;
So bawl your best, he'll never hear
The noise that comes from skirling bags.
We'll drown you and your beastly gags."

Calgary, Alta., January, 1922.

VALENTINES

Young Taylorson, Bobby,
With Teddy his doggy,
Out walking on Valentine's Day
Met up with the Saint
With his mission so quaint
Who gave them each one without pay.

Young Bobby's was sweet,
But Teddy's was meat
And gobbled up, by the way.
Young Bob met a Miss
And presented her his,
Doffed his cap with a
"Wish you good day."

Calgary, Alta.

AN OLD TIMER'S VALENTINE

An auto rushed up to the door about five
And the chauffeur called to the kids "Look alive!
Bundle up in your great-coats and mufflers and mittens,
Then tumble in here like a parcel of kittens.
Look out you don't tread on their paws or their tails
Or I shall hear nothing but scratches and wails
We're going to the city to buy valentines
With beautiful pictures and sweet little lines
There are flowers and pink hearts and dear little girls
With flounces and ribbons and pig-tails or curls
The postmen will bundle the cards into sacks
And the posties will lug them around on their backs
They'll be bringing you some on St. Valentine's Day,
Hurrah for the valentines! Hip! hip! hurray!
You should hear your Great-Grandmother tell how,
when she
Used to live 'way back East, in the year 'forty-three,,
If she wanted a missive to send to a friend
She made it herself as a way to an end.
When her mother was quilting (not gone to a dance)
She did up her lessons and watched for a chance,
Then with ink-pot and goose-quill, her scissors and paper
Repaired to the kitchen to perform her labour.
The tongs she took up to put coals to her candle.
No matches she had, and 'twas too hot to handle.
The hearth was swept up and the kitchen in order.
Her father sat reading the latest *Recorder*.
With everything ready she went to her task,
And a prettier valentine no one need ask.
The draft from the door made the candle flame flicker

But that only made the sharp scissors go quicker.
She scalloped the paper, quite bordered with hearts,
Some pierced through the centre with sharp little darts
Then her paint she got out, and what did she use?
Not a thing did she have but cranberry juice!
The lines she wrote down are as old as the hills,
But think of the hearts they have given the thrills!

*'The rose is red, the violet blue,
Sugar is sweet and so are you.
If you love me as I love you
No heart can cut our love in two.'*

She folded the valentine like an old letter
And sealed it with red wax. She couldn't do better.
The ancient goose-quill with a flourish and scrawl
Wrote the name of her sweetheart who played with a
ball

At the school-house next day it was handed around,
But the name of the sender kept secret profound,
Till a bright little miss from the first class of girls
Guessed "Twas made by our Sue with the little black
curls."

Calgary, Alta.

PARODY

Now when I thought the spring was near
I donned some thinner clothes,
But soon I found it far too cold
To wear my cotton hose.
The clouds grew black, and then behold!
'Twas snow instead of rain!
I jumped into another pair
And soon was warm again.

VOICES

The springtime is calling, come into the woodland
And seek for the blossoms, sweet violets fair,
The twinbells, the coltsfoot, the primrose, the jonquil,
The mayflowers fragrant, and windflowers rare.

Oh! summer is calling, sweet voices are calling,
Just list to the song of the bird in the tree,
The murmuring streamlet, the whispering breezes,
The chirp of the cricket, the hum of the bee.

The autumn wind calls us; the red leaves are turning;
The ripe nuts fall down 'neath the hickory tree.
The corn rustles crisply, and gay Jack o' Lanterns
Are wending their way to the Laird's apple bee.

Cold winter has come, and Jack Frost snaps his fingers.
The wind whistles shrill over tree tops all bare.
He rattles the window and roars through the chimney
And shrieks in the keyhole, "Oh! let me in there."

(Nova Scotians know the trailing arbutus by the name of
"mayflower".)

ICELAND POPPIES AT BANFF

Iceland poppies along the way
Making the roadside bright and gay,
Every blossom looking up,
Every flower a shining cup
Gently swaying in passing breeze—
Blazing gold 'neath the sombre trees—
Thrifty and hardy to brave the frost,
None of their beauty is ever lost
Buried in winter 'neath ice and snow.
Summer returns and the poppies glow.
Iceland poppies of brilliant hue
Blossoming all the summer through.

Calgary, Alta

A SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

The cats in our alley are watching for mice.
When they catch one he's all gobbled up in a trice.
The hens and the chickens are making a fuss
For the dogs down the alley are chasing poor puss.
Then pussy in terror darts under a fence,
While stones hurled at bow-wow soon drive him from
thence.

In the alley some children are looking at flowers,
While some make mud pies and are happy for hours.
The birds up aloft in the telephone wires
Are singing and watching bad boys make bonfires.
John Chink passes by with his "spiny" and fruit
His "ongy" and cabbage and lettuce to boot

Great motors and tip-carts for garbage and waste
And autos with fuel rush through in great haste;
Aye! many great vehicles followed by smoke
Leave a trail and an odour that's surely no joke.

Calgary, Alta , July, 1922.

WHEN WINTER COMES

When winter comes, it comes to stay
From August last till first of May,
And then it's loth to go away,
When winter comes.

When winter comes we do not fear
A season long and cold and drear,
There's so much sunshine 'way out here,
When winter comes.

When winter comes it's a delight,
With song and dance both day and night,
And all the winter sports in sight,
When winter comes

At last, as winter takes its flight,
It leaves a garment soft and white
Which covers everything in sight,
As winter goes.

The moisture sinks within the ground
Where seed of many things is found,
Which then springs up without a sound,
When winter's gone;

And through the season, year by year,
The blades and then the corn appear,
To feed the thousands far and near
When winter comes again.

Calgary, Alta.

THE COULEE

Within the coulee's sheltered depth
Upon a hillside high,
The summer flowers gently sleep
To open by and by.

The purling streamlet runs below
O'er pebbles, moss and stone
Though choked by fallen leaf and branch
It travels on and on

The cattle daily come to drink
And rest within the shade.
The sunlight filters through the trees
And warms the sylvan glade.

Here live the ferns, the violets blue,
The pale anemone,
The luscious purple saskatoon,
The tart wild gooseberry.

The children dearly love to come
And picnic near the brook.
They bridge the stream or build a dam;
For fruit and flowers look.

The timid rabbit hurries by
With eyes and ears alert,
Lest boys with stones, or men with guns,
Should seek to do him hurt.

The gopher scampers o'er the plain
Or primly sits erect.
His earth-brown coat and keen bright eye
The gopher doth protect.

High in the trees red squirrels climb
And jump from limb to limb.
The butterflies flit in and out,
Till lost in shadows dim.

The happy children laugh and play
Till evening shadows come,
Then, when the tinkling herd-bells ring,
They promptly start for home

Calgary, Alta.

THE CHARM OF THE PRAIRIE

There's a charm about the prairie
Blooming 'neath the bright blue sky,
Smiling back its thanks to Heaven
For the seasons, wet or dry.

April brings the purple crocus
Springing forth across the plain,
Lifting up its dainty chalice,
Grateful for the gentle rain.

Summer comes, and pale pink roses
Shed their perfume on the way,
Fairy-like their tiny faces
Looking up to greet the day.

In the ground they're thickly growing,
Trodden on by beast and man,
But they rise again each season,
Carrying out a mighty plan.

On the banks of rushing rivers
Stand the balm of Gilead trees,
And the grateful Russian poplar
Shimm'ring in the summer breeze.

There's a shadow o'er the prairie
When the glist'ning showers are flung,
And the wind with sudden fury
Drives the dust and leaves along.

There's the glowing double rainbow
When the glist'ning showers fall,
Gilded by the sun's great splendour,
Bursting through a cloudy wall.

See, the mist upon the hillside,
Where the hoarfrost glistens white,
Like a million jewels gleaming
Fairy-like, a glorious sight.

Blows the Chinook wind in winter,
Quickly melt the ice and snow;
Where the roadway was hard frozen
Muddy streams of water flow

There's a legend of the prairie,*
Told in story long ago,
How a maiden sought her lover,
Perished there amid the snow;

Thought she heard his loved voice calling,
"I will come again to thee",
Went to meet him, went to seek him—
They returned not, he nor she.

Going forth to search at nightfall,
Soon the cold frost chilled her through;
Strayed her eager, hurrying footsteps,
Stilled the heart that beat so true.

"Late at night," say Indian hunters,
"When the starlight clouds or wanes",
Far away they see a maiden
Misty as the summer rains,
Guiding with her lamp of moonlight
Hunters lost upon the plains.

*From *Legend of Yakonwita* by E. Pauline Johnson.

A BANFF HOLIDAY

The clanging and twanging we heard in the morn:
Was it caused by the sound of an Alpine horn?
Or the dishpan belaboured by one of the boys
Who must have been happy to make such a noise?
Young ladies from college with dusters and brooms
Went flitting about to do up the rooms.
The tables were served by young maidens in blue,
Who were glad, in vacation, of something to do
The motors were driven by clever young jockies
With heads full of knowledge concerning the Rockies.
If one could not tell—"Was it squirrel or gopher?"
The right thing to do was "Appeal to the chauffeur".
They knew all the mountains, the lakes and the rivers,
Their height, depth and length, did these canny young
drivers
They could tell you the names of the trees and the
flowers
And the distance to travel in so many hours
Then they knew the right time to call your attention
To sights by the way, and also to mention
The little wild animals come to a stand
While the kodak was clicked by an amateur hand.
Long life and good health to these bonny chauffeurs,
From Banff to Louise on their hazardous tours!

Calgary, Alta., 1924.

THE LITTLE BROWN SHACK

(SEE FRONTISPIECE)

There's a little brown shack quite shabby and bare,
Except for the tales it contains
Of the people it sheltered in many long years
From the cold winter winds and the rains.

My Mother remembers when Dad brought her there,
When she came as a bride to the west,
And said "This is home for my sweetheart and me,
Where we'll live like two birds in a nest."

So a nest it became, and not only for them,
But for two bonny birdlings as well
There was Rosalie first, and after a while
There came one that they called Little Nell

Sweet Rosalie played in the sun and fresh air
Growing sweeter, more rosy each hour,
Till the rangers who passed on the lone prairie trail
Called her "Rosalie, Sweet Prairie Flower".

Then Dad got a raise and a far better job,
And disposed of the shack by the trail.
He moved into town with its church and its school,
And the promise of traffic by rail.

So our dear little shack looked lonely and sad,
Till a settler came into the west,
And for a summer and winter he lived there alone,
Then moved on, like a knight on a quest

Then came Namo, the half-breed, and dwelt there a
time,
Making arrows and snow-shoes for sale,
And in his odd moments he burned on the wall
The animals seen on the trail

A down-easter next came and settled within
Till he, too, got the wandering fever,
When he pulled up his stakes and shouldered his gun,
And decided 'twas best he should leave her

He had pasted the labels from bottle and tin
On his larder, and said to himself,
"If when I am hungry, there's nothing within,
I can fancy there's food on the shelf."

There was 'Arry the Englisher, out for his 'ealth,
Who tried farming and writing a book;
The farm yielded little, the book brought him less,
For he sold it one day to a crook;

But he wrote down his tale and concealed in the wall,
In a neat little nook by the door.
He inscribed on the outside this legend quite brief—
"Just open, peruse and restore."

There were others who lived for a time in the shack
Till the loneliness forced them to move
To the town, where they hoped some great thing to
 achieve.
There some lingered, while others still rove.

Now the dear little shack has a family once more;
There are tiny things out on the line;
There's a garden and neighbours, a cat and some
 flowers;
And I wish, oh! I wish 'twas all mine.

Calgary, Alta.

GREETING TO ARBUTUS

Fragrant Arbutus
 Pale flower of spring
Gladness and joy to
 Our hearts dost thou bring!
Weary of winter
 With storm-cloud and frost,
Tired of tempest
 And bare branches tossed.
Now come fresh breezes;
 The bright sunbeam glows,
Warming the wood where
 The mayflower blows.
Forth springs Arbutus
 From leaf-covered bed,
Delicate blossom,
 Sweet perfume to shed;
Free from the grip of
 The Frost King's embrace,
Modestly showing a
 Sweet smiling face.
Welcome to thee after
 Winter's dark gloom!
Gladly we greet thee,
 Spring's earliest bloom!

Gone now the season of
 Days dark and drear.
Springtime with sunshine
 And flowers is here.
Welcome Arbutus!
 Sweet flower of spring!
Grateful are we for
 The cheer thou dost bring.

Calgary, Alta.—Dedicated to Mrs. Jamison.

THE BLUENOSE

Beneath the bright Alberta skies
The Bluenose comes to settle,
With grit and pluck and energy,
For he's a man of mettle.

He'll till the prairie, build a house,
And work like any beaver,
Or tackle any decent job—
He's got the working fever.

Hot summer sun or western cold
Can't down the Nova Scotian,
For he has travelled north and south
And crossed the briny ocean.

He fought the Germans back in France,
On land, in air, on ocean.
He's got the genuine Bluenose pluck.
God bless the Nova Scotian!

Of brain and brawn he has no lack;
Which men will soon discover.
The Nova Scotian makes his mark.
'Tis known the wide world over.

Calgary, Alta., 1924.

THE MOUNTAINEER AT BANFF

A sight-seeing tourist came into the West,
And of all the good speeders, her speed was the best.
She stayed not for stick. She stayed not for stone.
When none would go with her, she speeded alone.
She climbed up the mountains and gazed in the lakes;
Sped over high bridges that gave one the quakes.
The canyons appalled her, their depth was so deep,
But she mounted the ladder tho' solid 'twas steep
Away she went speeding and talking as well,
And on her return she'd a story to tell.
A shower fell o'er her, much to her amaze,
But a beautiful rainbow rewarded her gaze.

Banff, Alta., August, 1924.

BILLY GOLLY

The adventures of an acrobat

A long time ago a gay little dolly
Was called by a child her dear Billy Golly.
He was jostled about with a laugh and a shout
Till his stockings came off and his arm was pulled out.
He flew through the air.
He would slide on the floor.
He crept under sofa
Or hid by the door.
Such sport maimed his body
And soiled all his clothes
And a terrible bump marred his cute little nose.
One day in a frolic
He took such a flight
Far up overhead he went, quite out of sight.
He was seen nevermore, this acrobat dolly;
For that was the end of poor Billy Golly.

BEAUTIFUL OTTAWA

Oh! Ottawa How blest with beauty
Art thou through the changing year!
In spring the trees re-clothe themselves with shining
leaves,
And on Earth's mantle green bright flowers appear.

The summer comes, and gardens bloom
With flowers of varied hue
The lily, rose and pink, rich pansies rare,
Gay hollyhocks and the delphinium blue

Autumn appears: rock walls the summer draped in
green
Now glow with flame;
The bounteous harvest calls forth hearty thanks to God,
Which grateful people render to His name

Winter comes on, and though the earth
Now lies hard bound with cruel frost,
Fantastic forms are seen in ice and snow,
And all proclaim that beauty is not lost.

Calgary, Alta , November, 1924

A LAVENDER LADY

(Lines accompanying the gift of a sachet bag)

A lavender lady
Small and neat
Has come with her bag of lavender sweet
To you, in a quaint old-fashioned way
To wish you a Happy New Year's Day.

Calgary, Alta , December, 1924

BANFF WINTER CARNIVAL

Waken, lads and lassies gay!
To the mountains haste away,
To the winter carnival
Held in Banff for one and all.
Banff is wrapped in ice and snow,
Mountain peaks and vales below,
Lakes and rivers, one and all
For the winter carnival.
Sleighbing, skating, every day,
Skiing, racing, snowball play,
Leaping, jumping, feasting, all
At the winter carnival.
Dogs with sledges; men with skiis,
Keeping busy lest they freeze;
Shouting, laughter, free to all,
At the winter carnival.
Bonfires blazing in the street;
Dancers whirling, nimble feet;
Starlight gleaming over all,
At the winter carnival.

Calgary, Alta , January, 1925.

THE MERRY ADVENTURE OF PEP AND POP

Now Pep and Pop, a lively pair,
A journey took to get the air,
Ma'am Pep went first and made a stop,
Then followed on the lively Pop
They rode for miles on prairies wide
At last the mountains they espied
They plunged through tunnels deep and dark
And could not see a single spark
They sped by rivers blue and clear
While some like mud-broth did appear.
They sometimes saw a water-fall,
Or canyon deep, where one and all
Got out its wonders to admire;
And saw the mountains were afire
The air around was full of smoke,
And burning bush is not a joke
Next day the train came to a stop.
Said one "Let's have a bottle of pop".
"No, thanks," said Pep, "no pop for me,
I'd rather have a cup of tea",
So tea she drank, and every time
That Pop said "pop", Pep's merry chime
Rang out "I'll take a cup of tea";
And so they jangled merrily
First Pop said "pop", then Pep said "tea",
And always did they disagree
Now do you think they'll ever stop?
No, not while shops sell bottled pop.
They spent some time at English Bay
Where bathers go to spend the day,

And lie on sand in scanty rig.
"Small kids," you say. No, some are big.
They care not for the heat nor cold,
They all are there, both young and old
'Twas there Pep left the purple soap
To wash the ocean was her hope.
It sailed away; was seen no more,
'Tis gone to wash the other shore
Next to a shop for fish and chips
Not one would Pep let pass her lips
Nor would she even take hot dog
She'd quite as soon eat fried French frog.
She'd rather wait till nearly three
O'clock and have her cup of tea
They all went off to Stanley Park
And had a very modest lark.
There everyone had cups of tea
With bread and honey from the bee.
To shops they went to look around,
Where every mortal thing is found.
At gowns and cloaks, at scarf and hat
They looked and said "I don't want that".
Another day a trip was taken,
And if I am not much mistaken
It was the crowning feat of all
To see the swinging bridge, where all
Hope to pass over, but for some
It is too much, and back they come.
Now all must quench their burning thirst,
And each one hopes his turn is first.
While some want pop and some want tea,
It matters not, they all agree.

It matters not which one you take,
For coming back you see a snake.
He climbed and slithered up the hill
And now he lay there very still,
And like a snake, his evil eye
Was turned upon the passer-by
As last, the visit almost over,
They paid the rent and did discover
Their finances were getting low,
And they must henceforth go it slow.
Then when their money all was spent
Down to the last small copper cent,
To save themselves from any bother
They turned and borrowed from each other.
I hope that I have made it clear,
Pep was a prudent financier
Now on Vancouver's mellow chimes
You'll always hear these silly rhymes.
A glass of pop, a cup of tea.
No tea I want, 'tis pop for me.
Oh! mercy! will they never stop?
This rhyme of silly tea and pop?
'Tis tea I want, no pop for me,
'Tis tea I'll have, just tea, tea, tea,
For breakfast, dinner, lunch and tea,
I'll nothing drink but tea, tea, tea.

Calgary, Alta., August, 1925.

HULDY'S CHRISTMAS FLIGHT

(Not to be left behind, Huldy joins the Flying Corps.)

Mrs. Huldy Smith, that quaint old myth,
Has come a-Christmas calling.
She's riding on an aeroplane
And much afraid of falling.
Like Santa Claus, she came from far,
But not with Santa's reindeer;
Nor does she travel C.P.R.
In a de luxe train, dear.
She's just blown in to say "How do?"
Like any broncho buster,
And wish you Merry Christmas, all,
Pray don't get in a fluster.
There's John and Bea, so far away,
Across the Bay of Fundy,
With toes and noses blue and cold
From Sunday until Sunday.
Then Ned and May and Katherine
In Halifax, the city
Where folks wish Merry Christmases
On Christmas cards so pretty;
And Edgar John in Yarmouth town
To "Keep the home fires burning"
With "Stars and garters" all around
Whichever way he's turning.

Huldy flies off to U.S.A.
To carry Christmas wishes,
And drop them on the Dudman folk
Amid their Christmas dishes.
There's Sarah A and Florence B.
Who's Grandma to a legion.
Her sons and daughters all grew up
And settled in that region.
There Martha opens wide her doors
And welcomes her relations
Who help to celebrate the day
And dine on Christmas rations.
Huldy goes sailing off to Lynn
To visit Belle and Lizzie
And Cousin George—but up aloft
This sailing makes her dizzy.
New York's old town holds Jane and Will
With kith and kin around them,
And Huldy's Merry Christmas smile
Reveals she's glad she found them.
Next from New York the aeroplane
Hops off and goes a-flying
To Ottawa, where Lil and Grace
Old Winter's sports are trying;
But Huldy never skates nor skiis,
Nor rides in a toboggan.
She's used to an old-fashioned sleigh

Like them folks from Chegoggin;
And now the plane goes soaring west,
Out to the sunny prairie
Where Harold Lewis and his "Ma"
Await the Christmas fairy

One summer when an Old Home Week celebration took place in Yarmouth, the writer of the preceding lines masqueraded before her family as "Mrs. Huldy Smith," supposedly a former servant in her own mother's household. She sent a curious-looking letter in advance, causing much brain-searching among members of the family, home for the celebration, and completely mystified some of them until, upon her actual appearance in the role, the hoax became evident.—G S L.

Calgary, Alta., Christmas, 1925.

THE GHOST

'Twas on a dark and stormy night,
The wind rushed down the mountain side
As though pursued by evil sprite;
Within a house he sought to hide

A man sat crouching by the fire,
His mind engrossed upon a book;
But hearing some commotion dire
Caught up a light and went to look.

The sound he heard seemed overhead;
So up he climbed the creaking stair.
Entered the chamber, looked about,
Assured himself that naught was there.

Below again, he peered around
About the passages and halls
Naught, naught he saw but emptiness
That dwelt with him within those walls.

Returning to his smouldering fire
Came rushing down the stair
And fleeing past him, vanished quite.
He raised his hand to feel his hair.

" 'Tis sure a ghost that's here the night!
I cannot live within a house
Where I must subject be to fright;
I, who would never harm a mouse!

"But where, oh! whither can I go
Who am too timid here to stay
And guard my few possessions old:
Things I despise to give away?"

All night, until the morning broke
He sat and pondered by the hearth.
At last he said, "I'll get some folk
In here to fill the house with mirth."

Then hearing of a family
With several young and lively boys,
He took them in and filled the house
With healthful, happy, cheerful noise.

No more a ghost comes creeping in
And roams about a lonely house.
'Tis bright and cheerful, glad and gay—
No more it is a "haunted house".

WHO WOULD BE A PARSON'S WIFE?

Oh! who would be a parson's wife,
The centre of the village strife?
She's talked about at bridge and teas.
Be sure her ears will never freeze.
Then if she curls or bobs her hair
Both old and young begin to stare;
But if her hat and coat are quaint
They'll say she's passing for a saint.
Whate'er she does or does not do
She's criticised by not a few.
Is there another in the place
Such criticism has to face?
Beware, young maids, to save your life,
Do not become a parson's wife.

Calgary, Alta , March, 1926.

GREETINGS

*To Middlesex Congregational Church on the Occasion
of its One Hundredth Anniversary, 1927.*

From far across the ocean wide
My hearty greetings come
On this, your anniversary,
My Church, my friends, my home.

Within your walls the word of God
Has comforted the heart
Of many, and has aided them
To bear a noble part

Where'er we are, whoe'er we be,
At home, or when abroad,
May we revere the sacred word,
And love the church of God.

Calgary, Alta., November, 1927—Written by request.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

There stands a large old-fashioned house
Beside the swiftly flowing Bow;
Its windows looking towards the West
Reflect the gorgeous sunset's glow.

The builder of this stately house
Chose a fine site 'tis very true.
The mountain tops he could discern,
The rushing rivers he could view.

Between the steep and curving banks
The river swiftly poured away,
Bearing upon its waters clear
The heavy logs from day to day.

This house the builder named "Bow Peep",
'Twas painted high above the door
In letters plain for all to see
And read for thirty years or more.

The house changed hands and needed paint
Which was bestowed with lavish zeal
Upon its sides and window frames,
And on the door-frame did conceal

The name that had so proudly stood,
Giving distinction to the place
For that the painter little cared
And so "Bow Peep" he did erase.

The tenant newly settled in
Would hear at night some sighing noise:
A moaning, groaning, rushing sound
That frightened both his girl and boys.

Sometimes they'd hear a creaky sound
As though someone was breaking in;
And when the wind was very strong
They listened to an awful din.

At last in fear they moved away,
Out to Vancouver on the coast,
And then 'twas said the "Bow Peep" house
Was really haunted by a ghost.

Another tenant took the house
He thought he got it very cheap,
But not for long he dwelt within;
He moved because he could not sleep.

And after that for several years
Unoccupied it empty stood,
Its broken windows, sagging doors,
Proclaimed its sad decrepitude.

Years passed. A stranger came along,
Bought it and put it in repair,
Restored "Bow Peep" to sight again,
And now no ghost is living there.

'Twas but the wind among the trees,
A loosened shingle here and there.
The creaking of the river logs,
That made the ghostly sounds so queer;

And yet in fancy we can say
What seemed a ghost that came to scare,
The sighs and groanings to escape
Came from "Bow Peep" imprisoned there

Calgary, Alta.

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